

THE  
**Johnson Journal**



FEBRUARY, 1951

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL . . . . .	1	RECORD . . . . .	13
LITERARY . . . . .	3	SPORTS . . . . .	18
POET'S CORNER . . . . .	12	JOKES . . . . .	19
TALK OF THE SCHOOL . . . . .	12	EXCHANGES . . . . .	20

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL

### NEW YEAR'S TROUBLES

Sirens blew, bells tolled, every one welcomed the New Year in. The New Year baby was reluctant to be born into this world of uncertainty. Father Time had advised him to the best of his ability, but 1951 knew that this advice would be extremely hard to carry out without the full co-operation of the peoples of the world.

He realized that he must do away with racial prejudice. He knew he had to enforce our freedoms of speech, religion and the press. He understood his responsibilities to promote co-operation and understanding among people of all nations.

He peered out the window of his tiny New York home. Below, people were wishing each other the best of every thing in the New Year. They were of all races and creeds. His sharp eyes saw a colored man offer a white man his hand in a handshake. They greeted each other and parted to go to different churches. More of this was needed, but how could he promote it?

The people could help him, but would they? Would you be willing to help freedom of the press, of worship and speech throughout the world? Do you want to establish unlimited co-operation and understanding between people? If you do, in the New Year be good to your fellow man. You will unburden the New Year baby of much responsibility. Mary Love, '52

### MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TIME

Time passes very swiftly in our four years at Johnson. The time is fast approaching, (almost too fast), for the class of '51 to bid goodbye to our carefree, happy life at Johnson and to set about the very serious, necessary business of finding a really useful place for ourselves in the world.

Now, many of us are thinking back over what we have accomplished and what we might have accomplished in the last few years. Much CAN be gotten out of our high school experiences that will later help us to shoulder responsibilities and to get along better with other people. Through our own past mistakes and success, perhaps we Seniors can hand on some very useful tips to help you who recently joined us to get the most out of your stay at Johnson.

First and foremost, study hard, for only through honest work can real reward come. This most certainly does not mean that you should devote yourselves entirely to books. A mature, well-rounded personality is made up of the right amounts of study AND amusement.

Take part in all the school activities that you possible can. Attend the dances and join the clubs, for their success depends entirely on YOU!! By all means go to the school games, but make sure that

you are as good a loser as a winner! Remember that it isn't always possible for your team to win, but it IS something to be proud of if they have played the game to the best of their ability.

In short, if you put a great deal of yourself into your four years at Johnson, your rewards will be many and gratifying!

Margaret Willet, '51

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a word that has been worked to death. From all sides it has been thrown at us on any and every occasion, until now it has become meaningless.

Consider the definition of the word. Everyone knows what school is, but what about school spirit? School spirit, then, is the life of the school. You can't touch it, yet it must be there or the school isn't worth anything.

A school is judged by the appearance it makes outside. Do the students turn out at games? More important, do they support their teams? Do they have dances and clubs? Not only must we have these organizations, but we must have students interested in them and enthusiastic about them in order for them to be successful.

Johnson, in the past, always has been noted for its excellent school spirit. Let's not ruin its reputation now.

Ina Thomson, '54

### WE MUST DO MORE

"Russia, in its totalitarian state, cannot go on existing. No nation will remain suppressed by a small group of men who make false promises and whose one aim is to rule the world." These are the thoughts expressed by many citizens who are lucky enough to live in a free country. Yet, if this is true, then why are totalitarians

gaining more power throughout the world? We must do something about it.

"Oh, but we are!" comes the answer. "We just sent men to Korea!" Yes, we are sending men to every nation where aggression arises, but it does not seem to be stopping communism.

We must do more - - - pray. We must pray to save not only ourselves, but also to save all the peoples of the entire world. For prayer is the salvation of man. We are doing much by sending men, weapons, and food to suppressed areas. Yet, how many are praying? I don't mean one must be a zealot. Still, couldn't you find a few seconds out of twenty-four hours to ask your God to bring peace and happiness to this troubled world? "Work for peace, as though prayer will not help, and pray for peace, as though work is of no avail."

Jane C. Broderick, '51

### LET'S KEEP COOL!

In my opinion the most important weapon with which any teenager can face the world today is a cool head. In these days when the world seems to be sinking deeper and deeper into the whirlpool of a third world war, it is very easy for us who are comparatively inexperienced in coping with the problems of the world to become panic-stricken and pessimistic. Teen-agers who have been planning for their future, working hard in high school in order to prepare themselves for college or a job in the business world, are facing the destruction of those plans which mean so much to them. In the face of these events it is hard to keep cool, but it is vitally necessary.

We must prepare ourselves for the world we are about to enter, even though it will be a much harder struggle to live in this world than we expected. From among our



generation must come the men who will lead us out of the troubles of the future. In order to do this they must be more carefully trained and have cooler heads than any men

before them. Therefore let's hold fast to the one thing that is needed most in the world today-composure.

Let's keep cool!

Marjorie Terret, '51



## LITERARY

### THE WINTER STORM

The menace of a storm could be felt in the air. The sky was heavy-laden, dull and sinister, as a silent hush lay over the expectant countryside.

Then it happened!! The wind began to howl and whistle, sending myriads of perfect snowflakes scurrying here and there. Within a matter of minutes the bare earth was covered with a blanket of white cotton. Bushes and shrubs resembled roly-poly snowmen; houses were blanketed, while lazy smoke curled against the leaden sky.

Moaning and whistling, the north wind sent people rushing for shelter from its wintry blasts. Then, as suddenly as though a silent command had been given, the wind ceased to speak, the snow stopped whirling; a yellow glow seemed to dispel the leaden color of the sky, and the clouds became rosy-tipped, while the sky turned a beautiful blue.

Where the trees had bent under their enormous burden of snow, ice had begun to form. The tiny droplets of fast-freezing water twinkled like millions of tiny diamonds. The oriental amethyst, a rare violet-colored gem, seemed to be visible as the sun shone on the earths covering. Other colors—emerald, rose, orange, red, blue sparkled in all their glory at the end of the winter storm.

Marjorie Midgley, '52

### SEEING THINGS A DOG'S WAY

Have you ever walked through the "Slums" of Boston at three o'clock in the morning? No, and I don't believe that there are many who have. I don't believe that there have been many who have seen the fog complete its process of "setting in". I don't believe that there are many who have felt the misty, chilly air all around them; and I don't believe there are many who have inhaled the aroma of filth and dirt that seems to float in the atmosphere, of loneliness which seems to settle all around you. Yes, it was so quiet compared to the active confusion which had occurred three hours ago.

It was all over now. I had seen the NEW YEAR come in at twelve o'clock as I stood on Park St. in Boston. Three hours had gone by, and now as we heard the noise of water splashing against the side of ships, we suddenly discovered that we had unconsciously walked into the lower part of Boston, namely the "Slums." It was quite late and we decided that we had seen all that there was to see, so we retraced our steps and started for home.

You can imagine the terrific impact of fright and confusion we both experienced as the loud, but friendly yelping of a small pup suddenly broke the stillness of the night.

"Hello there little fellow," I blurted out, still trying to gather my senses. The little pup walked timidly toward us, and I stopped to pat his head. As my friend stooped to join me in saying sweet little nothings to the pup, we suddenly became aware that the dog was not alone.

"Like 'im?" a low steady voice spoke and we looked into the face of the owner.

"Boy, I'll say," I said, trying to keep my voice at an even pitch.

"Take 'im," the owner said, "His name is Mud."

"Gosh, thanks." I replied in astonishment.

"He's just a pup," the man said, "take good care of him and you'll always have a friend."

He paused for a minute and then went on, "It's too bad that we humans couldn't be like dogs in some ways. Just think how we would all get along if we could only see each other through a dog's eyes. Just think how the world would be without transgression." He paused again as if to choose his words carefully, then went on. "Just think of all the fighting that would be saved if everybody judged everybody else by what he or she did for his fellow man, instead of judging him by his nationality or religion or by the color of his skin. Just think what the world would be like if we humans could see each other in no other color but a sea grey, like the dog, man's best friend."

With these last words the stranger turned and disappeared into the fog. I stooped and picked up the pup, and right then I knew that each time I looked into the eyes of my new dog, the words of the stranger would once again come to my ears.

J. Richard Brown, '52

## THAT BRAVE NEW WORLD

Our heavily armoured tank approaches our objective. We stare at what we see. As far as the eye can look stretches a dense metallic barrier. A huge leaden plate lifts and our tank speeds down a mailed corridor. As we enter a room, we gaze through the thick glass pane of our car. Strange machines and cork-skew filaments encircle the walls. We stop and wait, staring at the blinding flashes of light that jump from machine to filament, and filament to machine.

What seems like a year passes. Then, slowly, the floor gives way, and, like an elevator, deposits us in a huge corridor. On and on we roll, until at last we approach a tower. As the tower signals to us, we cut our engine. We step from the car and heave a sigh of relief, inwardly thinking, "Well, we got here."

We enter a room off the corridor and hand our reports to the dispatch messenger. "There were a few fires still going in A.E.X.C.\* 5, Jack," we say, then turning, diffidently walk away.

As we stroll down the streets that lead home, we hear the steady whir of the generators, transforming energy from one of the minor cyclotrons into electricity. We pass by the mills and hear the hum of motors that mean yards of cloth are being woven. Then we stop at the familiar light and wait until the bus passes, the bus, whose spurts of energy come from radio active fission.

"Oh," we remember," we have to get some potatoes and carrots for supper." We drop in at the corner store and select a bag of potatoes and a bunch of carrots. A sign above the vegetables reads,

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\* A.E.X.C. 5 Atomic Explosion Crater 5.



"The best ultra-violet grown produce in New England - - - planted in enriched, radioactive soil." It doesn't surprise us; we've been dropping in here almost every night for the last five years. We get ready to pay for them and then remember we were to get a loaf of bread also. We collect our bundles, pay for them and depart.

We meet Joe Banning our neighbor, who remarks, "It's too bad about young Bill, but he should have known better. After all he's been brought up inside these walls. Who'd think he'd be foolish enough to try to see what it looks like outside? Fact is, the gates must have been poorly guarded."

We agree, say our adieus and continue homeward. But we're still thinking about Bill. "Oh, sure," we say to ourselves, "the boy was curious about the outside. But he'd been told the rays outside the walls are deadly."

We dismiss the thought with a shrug of our shoulders, as we enter our front door. "Home again," we sigh. Then we commence to read our mail in the hall. A few minutes later we stop and reminisce, thinking, "What wouldn't I give to be back in the good old days of '49."

Joan Nery, '51

### COMING HOME

There is always the enthusiastic joy of returning home. How happy are the reunion of a family! At sometime during the year the entire family returns home. Everyone visits the old secluded spots that keep his childhood secrets so confidential. Visiting the old swimming pond shaded by the huge, old, branching elm brings back pleasant memories. These are some of the joys that are always welcome, no matter how often repeated.

How enthusiastically the millions of flying creatures return to their other homes! The movie "Lassie

Come Home" tells of a dog who braved the wild, angry ocean, the bitter cold, and terrific hunger in order to be reunited with his beloved home. The worries and trials of the day slip easily from a father's shoulders as he approaches home and his children, bubbling over with exciting news of the day, run to meet him. No matter how humble, there is no place like home.

Mary Boyle, '51

### THE FIRST TRIP DOWN

I sit in the ski tow, my skis beside me. The snow is a white blanket beneath me, embroidered with shrinking skiers. Shivers run down my back and arms, stopping at my toes and fingertips, making them light and useless.

I reach the top of the mountain. My eyes scan the trail—a blinding white, dotted with the gaudy colors of the skiers. I am alone with only my skis as a means of getting to the bottom.

A moment of indecision. I consider staying on the mountain and dying of starvation. On the other hand, I could break my neck on the death trail below me. I clamp on my skis and bravely push myself with my ski poles. All at once the bright colors of skiers and glaring snow swirl before my eyes into a sickening blur. My stomach drops fifty feet into nowhere. My knees are no longer knees but empty spaces.

I see the bottom. I hear the shouts of my friends. By some strange miracle I come to a stop without a tumble. My stomach returns to its correct position. My knees fill in the empty spaces. Color creeps into my chalk-white face.

I sit in the ski tow, my skis beside me. I enjoy the full beauty of the atmosphere for I have experienced and lived through the terrific and horrifying first trip down.

Molly King, '53

## "A SAILOR'S LIFE"

"Well, bust my marlinespike and call me King Neptune!" Hardly a soul is exempt from using such salty language at Mystic Seaport, the snug harbor for the old square-rigger, Joseph Conrad.

Living aboard, one sleeps in the fo'c'sl, hits the deck at 0700, and has mess in the galley. If there's a drop of salt water in your veins, you'll grumble while swabbing the deck, and "gam" while you should be standing watch, but you'll never forget to ring ship's bells every half hour, or write your report in the log.

Polishing brass can be fun too, you'll find. At least it's more fun than polishing the silverware at home. Then, when you have a free afternoon, you'll wander aimlessly through the museums and the quaint little souvenir shops where the prices are way above your means.

When the ship is secured at 2300, you'll listen to the watch ring six-bells, and think that you're a part of the great American Maritime tradition. It isn't long before you begin to say, "How long have I been in the Navy? Why all me bloomin' life, sir!"

Mary Ann Maynard, '51

## THE ROBBERS OF RED VALLEY

As the fall season came on in Red Valley and turned the leaves into manifold colors, the "Caw, Caw, Caw," of Grey Wing, the Robber Crow, rolled across the valley and rebounded off the hillside. As in years past, the crow with the grey wing came down from the North to rule the valley. But there was something new and different about his army this year. Other armies had joined forces with him and would raid the valley under the leadership of this most cunning crow of all.

"Caw, Caw," cried Grey Wing, "There is our arch enemy the owl. Let us make him regret the taking of the lives of some of our brothers."

After fifteen minutes spent at the spot where the owl was last seen alive, the army took to the air and left behind them the lifeless form of the owl, bleeding on the brightly colored leaves. So started Grey Wing on his rampage.

Over Farmer Brown's house the troop traveled. Suddenly a warning was given by Grey Wing, "Man with gun." They veered and got out of the way of the flying lead.

Week after week this raiding continued and Grey Wing's notoriety spread. Finally Farmer Brown asked a friend to help him catch these robbers. When Grey Wing flew with his troops that day, the familiar signal was given and Farmer Brown sent a blast after them. They flew in the opposite direction but were met by another blast. They were caught between two forces. One by one the birds started to fall.

Grey Wing cried "Hold to formation," but his orders no longer meant anything. As he flew in circles trying to form his troops he got in the way of a pellet from Farmer Brown's gun.

"Wait," he cried, "I'm hit," but the birds paid no attention to him. Down he fell and thumped on the cold ground. There he lay, cold and dead, on the ground over which he had once so majestically ruled.

Leonard Coppeta, '53

## TWO GAMEWARDENS

Bill Right's pet fawn, Merrylegs, was six months old on that fateful November day. Bill was on his way to the barn to feed the chickens, with Merrylegs following him as usual, when an old green truck with a uniformed driver



came up the driveway. With screeching brakes, which sent the chickens racing for cover, the truck stopped and the driver got out.

"I'm John Hawkins, State Game-warden, and I've come to take that fawn and liberate him," he announced.

"But you can't," replied Bill, "He's my pet. Why, he's just like a brother to me."

"Nevertheless, I've got orders to take that fawn sixty miles away and liberate him," answered the gamewarden.

"Pa! Pa! Don't let him take Merrylegs, I just know a cougar or a wolf would get 'em out in the woods. Gosh, he's never been out of the barn after dark."

"I reckon we best let him go, Son," drawled Pa Right, "Old Julie, my hound will be having her pups pretty soon and I'll give ye one o' them fer yer very own. Then nobody won't never be able to take it frum ye."

"I don't want any ole hound, I want Merrylegs," was Bill's tearful response.

"Well, whether you like it or not, I'm going to take him!" shouted the gamewarden. He picked up the fawn, put him in the back of the truck, slammed the door, climbed into the cab and was soon out of sight.

Sixty long miles away he stopped the truck and put the fawn in the woods. Then he drove away.

All that afternoon Merrylegs roamed the woods in search of Bill. When night came, the howl of a timber wolf caused him to tremble in terror. Although born in the woods, he had been sleeping in a warm barn every night since he was two weeks old, and now he was cold, lonesome, and frightened. Then he noticed that the branches on a nearby tree were moving. Fascinated, he watched. With a cry of rage the cougar

sprang. Merrylegs leaped, and the big cat missed. Without looking to see what had happened the fawn ran for the Right farm, exerting every muscle in his young body.

All night long he ran. Morning found him wildeyed and exhausted. five miles from the Right farm. In fifteen more minutes he came thundering up Right's driveway, foam flying from his gasping mouth.

Bill came to the door just in time to see his pet gather himself and soar over the five foot fence. The fawn, now seeing his young idol, ran faster than his exhausted heart could stand. A sharp pain shot through him, he stumbled the few remaining steps into Bill's arms. A great sigh, a convulsive shudder, and the young deer was dead.

Bill Right is a young man now. The other day he went out to investigate a boy who was keeping a pet fawn. He bought a large roll of fencing and helped the boy make a large deer pen.

That night in the State Department of Conservation's office there was a report. It ended:

"I have attended to the fawn you brought to my attention in the way I saw best fit. I assure you everybody will be pleased."

Yours truly,  
Bill Right, (State Game Warden)  
Paul Donovan, '53

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## FOOTBALL

High school football, like college football, has a very definite purpose in our lives. The high school and college student bodies could not bear to live if it were not for football.

Citing Johnson High School as an example, the subject of everyone's conversation from morn to night is football. Better yet, at the games themselves, the student body seems to have one purpose in life, to shout themselves hoarse. Stop

to think what would happen if these shouts were held back. Why, certainly, everyone would burst.

This same situation occurs on college campuses. Practically everyone but budding hermits is out getting a good case of laryngitis shouting for the team at the "croo-shul" game. Compared to college football, the audience at pro-games seem like so many morticians' conventions. Except for a few rounds of applause for an occasional good play, there are no wild shouts of enthusiasm as the team comes onto or off the field, no outbursts of applause for any and every touchdown. If it were not for high school and college football, I believe half the population of the U. S. would be without a "safety valve," so to speak.

Anthony Galvagna, '51

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### INJUN JOHN

On cold winter nights when my family and I gather around the fireplace telling stories, someone never fails to tell my favorite—the story of my great Uncle, Injun John. The story always begins the same way: Years ago, when your Uncle John was only three years old, he was captured by Indians to fill out an old Indian curse. After weeks of searching among the Indian tribes by his family and friends, he was given up as dead.

Twenty years went slowly by. One day, when our family was in town, they were startled by the strong family resemblance in one of the Indians. They thought, (and hoped), that maybe there was a slight chance that he was their beloved John. Lois, Bill, and Bob, his brothers and sister, went over to ask him some questions but he had no recollection of them. He firmly believed that he was a full-blooded Indian. However, he did admit it was strange that he had blue eyes. When they were about

to leave his sister asked him, as a last resort, if he remembered these words. Then she said, slowly and sweetly, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep - - - -".

Suddenly his face showed a flash of recognition, and he finished the prayer with her, "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Lois Milliken, '53

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### TIME MARCHES ON

Family portraits always have a way of becoming more unique and amusing through the ages. Those cherished images of past days never fail to produce a hearty chuckle when shown to people of today.

Upon turning the pages of that old family album, we see many peculiar fashions of by-gone days. Everything from bonnets to shoes has a way of changing as the years slip by. What was considered "à la mode" in the eighteen hundreds is far from correct today.

Another point of mockery is the hair styles which our mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers admired. The marcel, a once fashionable wave, is now laughed at and thought silly.

Expression played no part in olden day portraits. The picture was merely snapped and that was all. Because of this, many people today make fun of that poker face effect. But little do we think, while jesting about these "hideous monstrosities," that our so-called perfect twentieth century photos could possibly become the subject of amusement for later generations.

Ann Hickey, '51

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### THE HOARDER

At the age of eight I must have been a source of continuous irritation to my mother, for I was a hoarder. No room in the house was



free from my clutter, but the kitchen and pantry provided the most interesting places of all to store things.

The large, old-fashioned pantry was a great source of delight to me. On the long, broad shelf in the corner, a girl could keep almost anything. Every school paper was carefully folded and placed with its predecessors in one corner of the shelf. Down the middle were scattered numerous coloring books, several banks ranging from a monkey who tipped his hat, to a cash register that rang up the amount, and a score of little historical books given out by the insurance man which increased in number week by week. But, in the darkest place of all, lurked a huge pot filled with all sorts of delightful things. Within its mysterious body were stored a thousand different articles which were a constant surprise to me. Toy soldiers, Lincoln logs, and assorted pieces of prized china all found their way into the mysterious pot.

In the kitchen there was a secluded corner, behind the closet door, where my collection of paper dolls was set up. Each had her separate bag, of which she and her wardrobe were the sole inhabitants. A cowgirl never strayed into a quintuplet's residence, for each bag was carefully marked. As I had close to forty paper dolls, the pile of bags in the corner often towered to terrifying heights.

"But of course," you say, "your mother could throw things away without your ever noticing." How wrong you are, only my long-suffering mother can tell you. Each day I made a methodical search of the wastebasket to see if any of my treasures had been thrown away. Pouncing on a long-forgotten paper doll, I would emit cries of horror because she had almost gone

to a paper doll's grave. How my mother ever got any of my possessions out of the house I don't know, unless she burned them while I was away.

Marjorie Terret, '51

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## MY FIRST ALASKAN EXPERIENCE

Smoke rose lazily from the chimney of Sam Goldwin's cabin. In the early winter twilight the rambling shack looked forgotten, deserted except for one light that shone through the window. The tall elm trees that lent their shade to the shack in the summer stood bare and motionless against the fading sky.

I, Lee Wallace, trudged down the path toward the cabin and up to the rough pine door. I knocked impatiently because I was tired. What man wouldn't be, who had carried thirty pounds of equipment and an eight pound thirty-thirty rifle on his back over twenty miles of snow?

Receiving no reply to my knocks I entered, and discovered a note lying beside the kerosene lamp. Reading it, I found that it was from Sam and explained that he couldn't meet me tonight, but would be here in the morning and I should not leave until he came. Well, that was all right. I wasn't afraid to spend the night in a cabin twenty miles from nowhere.

I made myself at home by getting the fire roaring and making supper. Around eight o'clock I threw a couple of logs on the fire and decided to hit the hay, leaving the door open just in case Sam should return earlier than he expected.

As I lay there watching the reflection of the flames dance to the rhythmical cracking of the fire, I thought of how I had come to be in this cabin tonight. Sam and I

were buddies in the army, and nights he used to tell me stories of the opportunities in Alaska. When we got out in 1946, we decided that I would go to school and learn all I could about metals and rocks, and in two years I would meet him in Alaska. I did this and bought the equipment, and tomorrow I would see him for the first time in two years. With these thoughts I soon fell asleep.

Crash! I woke with a sudden start and leapt to my feet. It was about nine o'clock in the morning and there was just enough light to see a bear cub under the table, eating from the jar of jam which he had knocked off the table. I reached for my flash camera, aimed, and took the picture, but when baby saw that flash he ran toward the open door, squealing as loud as he could.

While I was laughing, in came his mother who, when on her hind feet, was almost as high as the ceiling. Her roars and snarls, along with her gnashing teeth, rapidly convinced me that she meant business. She was between my gun and me, so I reached for the box of flash bulbs and every time she came toward me I'd flash her picture and she would return back to the corner. Soon all my bulbs were gone. Now she headed toward me and raised herself upon her hind feet. She was about to pounce on me when, in quick succession, three shots were fired. The big bear quivered and fell to the floor with a thud, and over her huge body I saw my pal, Sam Goldwin, with a smoking gun in his hand.

This was my first experience in the new territory and not my last, by far. As for the bear, she made some very delicious meals and I won fifty dollars with one of the pictures I took.

Donald Deadder, '52

## NOT WANTED

Not long ago I was wandering through the park studying the human interest angle to write a story for my paper. Having found nothing of interest, I finally dropped down on a bench to give my aching feet a much needed rest. I glanced at the other end of the bench where a dejected old man was sitting. He seemed lost in thought and paid not the slightest attention to me. Judging from his expression his thoughts were not too pleasant, either. I began to imagine why he was so sad. At last my curiosity got the better of me and I ventured a remark about the weather. He came back to reality with a start and looked even more dejected than before, if that was possible. His reply was barely audible, but I wasn't discouraged, thinking that there just might be a story here. Gradually he became more inclined to talk and started telling me about himself.

"I'm an old man and no one wants me any more. When Susan was alive things were different, you know. We had a nice little place of our own and depended on no one. I had my work about the place to keep me busy. There was always a fence to be mended, or a shutter to fix and I enjoyed doing it. Susan needed me, too. Time and again she would call me to open a can, or fix a curtain, or hang a picture. She was always saying she didn't know how she would get along without me. Now it's me that has to do without her, and it's mighty hard sometimes."

Here he became thoughtful again and I waited, hoping he would continue. "Where do you live now?" I asked.

"Oh, I live with my granddaughter and her husband and little Jimmy, but they don't need me. They have each other and I'm just in the way. Why only last night



Anne said, "Grandfather why don't you take your paper into your room? You're right in the way when I'm getting supper." And then this morning her husband told me not to get in the way when he was shaving. Yes, even little Jimmy tells me I'm in the way when he is running his train. They live in a brand new house so there's never anything to fix, nothing to putter around with so what can an old man do but get in the way?"

I told him how thoughtless people could be and that they didn't actually mean all the things they said. He pondered that for a while and then said, "Well, perhaps you're right, perhaps you're right. I don't know, but it's mighty discouraging sometimes. I came here to the park today thinking I'd put an end to it all and be out of the way for good. I've been sitting here looking at the lake for a long time, but I just hadn't got around to it when you came along."

"It's the same with us all, young and old," I said. "We aren't needed all the time and sometimes we are in the way too. My wife often says, 'Oh, Bill, why don't you go out in the yard? You're right in the way here. But I know she doesn't mean she wants me out of the way all the time.'" At this he actually began to chuckle.

"Yes, I minded when Sue cleaned house. She used to say the same thing to me and five minutes later she would be calling me again."

"You'd better give it another try anyway," I said, "Come on and let me walk you home." I had made up my mind to meet his granddaughter and tell her just how the

old man felt, but as it happened I didn't need to say a word. Just as we neared the house little Jimmy came rushing towards us, yelling, "Hurry, Grandpa, hurry! Mummy needs you awful bad."

We hastened inside and found Anne bleeding profusely from a deep cut in her arm. I never saw anyone move as fast as Granddad did. He grabbed the belt from her dress, tied it around her arm and stuck his pipe through it. He then twisted it tight until he stopped the flow of blood. "Run and call the doctor, young man," he yelled. "Don't just stand there looking at me."

Just as the doctor finished the stitches and was leaving, Anne's husband arrived. The old man and I moved to the porch. "You know, young man, I guess it was a good thing I took that first aid course during the war." I admitted it was and that I couldn't have done half as well myself. As I was about to leave the husband came out saying, "Granddad, could you take my place in the lodge tonight? I don't feel like leaving Anne and you know the part as well as I do." Then Jimmy came out saying, "Granddad, will you give me my supper now?" Well, I never saw anyone more needed than he was right then and his face showed how pleased he was.

He shook his head and said, "Maybe you knowed what you was talking about after all, young man. I'll be seeing you in the park one of these days as soon as they can get along without me here for a while. Goodby."

Betty Ratcliffe, '53





## POET'S CORNER

### THE STRANGE THING

(With apologies to Longfellow who wrote "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere")

Since you have asked me, my friend,  
You shall hear  
Of the strange thing that happens  
At Johnson each year.

This strange thing attacks,  
And without a good reason  
Leaves some of us hot,  
And the rest of us freezin'.

From classroom to classroom  
It slips now and then;  
It may be in "fifteen",  
Or even in "ten".

It chooses its victims  
Without much ado,  
Sometimes it's a math class,  
And sometimes French II.

Now, no one has seen it,  
But if someone should  
I hope that they'll catch it,  
And tie it up good.

And then throw it out  
With a jolly good beating,  
So all of our classrooms  
Will have even heating.

Mary Ann Maynard, '51

## TALK OF THE SCHOOL



On a certain Thursday morning when we students of Senior Social Science 4-2 were all puzzling over serious problems of the day, an incident happened which astounded both us and Mr. Finneran. The problem of the day happened to be Federal Aid to Education. As we were in the middle of arguing whether or not federal aid should be given for educational purposes, we students were amazed at the expression which suddenly came over our teacher's face. We lost no time in following his bewildered gaze, and we too became both frightened and excited. Four brave and

adventure-loving students finally decided to discover the identity of this object which had whizzed across the hall, darted against the stage curtain, and then lay in a deathly stillness on the stage floor. Tommy Spedding, who proved the bravest of this self-appointed group, was quick to realize the seriousness of the situation. "A bat!" he exclaimed, and quick as a flash he threw the waste basket over the poor bat who really meant no harm to anyone.

As soon as Tommy uttered this profound statement, the girls had visions of this animal entangled in



their lovely locks. In the meanwhile, our ill-fated intruder began to buzz and make all kinds of curious sounds inside his prison, the hall waste paper basket. How would we get him outside? Should we kill him? Mr. Finneran finally decided it would be better to set the bat free. He managed to obtain a large piece of cardboard, slid this underneath the waste basket, and with the aid of our four gallant senior boys, all five of them marched as if in a procession bearing waste basket, cardboard, bat and all over to the window. The window was raised, the basket lifted, and the cardboard was given a firm push, so as to enable the bat to fall to the ground below. Fine! The bat was finally disposed of. But wait a minute! was he? Goodness, gracious! Just as they were making their way back to Senior Social Science, they discovered that jinx again, frightened beyond description, on the floor. The baffled boys now became very discouraged and gave up their project as a lost cause. The janitor was summoned and, as all good janitors do, he disposed of the bat nicely. Back came our four students into the hall, somewhat fatigued after their tiring struggle, but with just enough

energy and stamina left to continue our never-ending discussion of Federal Aid to Education.

\* \* \*

There has been considerable talk concerning the Girls' Basketball Team this year. The main problem was that they didn't have a coach. It really was too bad to be faced with this situation because all members of the squad were veterans. The school board tried to get a coach but for sometime was unsuccessful. Therefore, Mr. Lee took upon his shoulders the heavy task of getting the girls started and ready for the opening game. It was quite a task for him to cope with, since he didn't know all the fundamentals of girls' basketball.

However, he finally made them look like they had a little life in them. Two days before the initial game, the team was introduced to its new coach—Mrs. Bateman. The team, along with the help of Mrs. Bateman and Mr. Lee, played a swell game, despite their loss. On behalf of the Girls' Basketball Team of 1951, I would like to take this opportunity to extend my thanks to Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bateman for what they have done for us this past season.



## RECORD

### LIBRARY NEWS

On November 17, 1950, three library assistants, Joan Nery, Mary Gucciardi, and Ann Gioco, accompanied Miss Cook to Swampscott to attend a meeting of library assistants interested in forming an Essex County Organization of Li-

brary Assistants. Five schools were selected to hold a meeting in January, at which they will draw up plans for the organization. During the afternoon an amusing skit was given in connection with Book Week. This was held in the large auditorium which provides ample

space for assemblies. After the play, the students conducted an interesting tour of Swampscott High.

A. G.

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### SENIOR CLASS NEWS

At a recent class meeting, a committee was chosen to study various mottos and colors and to select from these several suitable mottos and color combinations to show to the class. Those on the committee were, Paul Taylor, Gerald Gravel, Marjorie Terret, Anthony Galvagna, Richard Banks, Jane Broderick, Mary Ann Maynard, and Adeline Marrs. At a second meeting, the class voted for a motto and colors from those picked by the committee. The motto, which was chosen by a large majority, is: "We have crossed the bay, the ocean lies before us." The class colors are to be blue and silver.

M. W.

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### JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

This year we have a new girl in our Junior class, Helen Clark. She hails from Chapel Hill High School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Helen has already made many friends during the short time she has been with us. Her main interests are dancing, drawing, and sports. Charlie Justice, football star, is tops on her list of favorites.

Helen plans to enter college after graduation from high school, and study to become a dental hygienist. I am sure that Helen's sparkling personality and genuine sincerity will help her to do well in this profession. Without any doubt, Helen has proven to be an excellent addition to our class.

F. T.

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### SOPHOMORE NEWS

There has been a new addition to the sophomore class, Fred Clark. Although he was born in Methuen, he has lived in North Carolina and Virginia.

He is tall, with dark brown hair and a real southern accent. All this, combined with a marvelous personality, makes him a grand guy.

K. M.

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### GUESS WHO?

Here is a popular Freshman student who stands about 5 ft. 5 in. and has reddish-brown hair. She is a member of the Student Council, Journal Staff and is also an honor student. She enjoys dancing and art very much. A wonderful person to know, it shouldn't be hard to guess who she is.

(Answer on page 17)

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### GOOD GOVERNMENT DAY CANDIDATE

Robert Stewart has been selected by a vote of the entire student body to represent the school at Good Government Day at the State House in Boston.

He will have a chance, along with other representatives, to be selected as Governor or one of the various state officers. We all know Bob will make a fine representative from Johnson.

M. A. M.

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### CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

On December 21, a Christmas program was held in the school hall. In the absence of the president, the vice-president of the Student Council, Robert Stewart, acted as master of ceremonies during the following program: Bible reading, Charlotte Adler; Vocal Selection, "You're All I want For Christmas" and "Winter Wonderland", Lorraine Kelgin, accompanied by Thomas Ferris, Reading, "My Christmas Shopping", Mary Lou Duffy; Reading, "Christmas Shopping", Nancy Burke.

The entire student body joined in singing Christmas carols which



were led by Mr. Clarence F. Mosher and the school band.

J. C. B.

## JOURNAL DANCE

The Journal Dance, held January 12, was attended by one of the largest crowds of the year. The hall was cleverly decorated with red silhouettes of skaters, mittens and skates. Red and white streamers hung from the ceiling. Music was provided by George Emmons.

M. A. M.

## STUDENT COUNCIL NEWS

At a meeting on November 21, four delegates were chosen to attend the semi-annual conference of the student councils of Eastern Massachusetts. The delegates were: Robert Stewart, Evelyn Roche, George Knightly and Marian Bamford. Each attended a different panel discussion and returned with excellent ideas and suggestions for the Student Council to work on. The delegates proved by their reports that the conference was well-worth attending.

B. W.

## HONOR SOCIETY DANCE

A large crowd danced to the music of George Emmons whom the Honor Society engaged for its Christmas dance, December 15. The hall was nicely decorated in Christmas colors. Two lighted Christmas trees, colorful posters and black silhouettes helped to change the hall into a dancing room. All who attended agreed that it was an evening well spent.

M. B.

## GOOD CITIZENSHIP REPRESENTATIVE

Barbara Watts has been chosen by the Senior Class and the members of the faculty as our candidate to attend the D. A. R. Convention

as the good citizenship representative from Johnson. She was selected for this honor on the basis of scholarship, leadership, and conduct.

M. W.

## GUESS WHO?

In our Junior class we have a cute lass who is popular with everyone. She stands about five feet four inches and has light brown hair. Her personality and charm are recognized by all who come to know her.

She is a member of the National Honor Society and the Student Council. She is on our girl's basketball team, and was one of our cheerleaders for this year.

(Answer on page 17)

## CHEF'S CLUB

This club has for its officers: Head Chef, Frederick Marland; Assistant Chef, Jack Pearl; Treasurer, Paul Driscoll. Miss Alice Neal is the teacher advisor. The members have already made an American Chop Suey dinner and a chocolate cake. Those wonderful aromas which escape from the cooking room are making the rest of us drool. M.C.B.

## ART CLUB

The officers elected in the Art Club are President, Ronald Fountain; Vice-President, Frederick Wilson; Secretary, George Everson; Treasurer, Robert Gravel. The advisor is Miss Olive Butler. The members drew the beautiful Christmas posters which decorated our doors during the Christmas season. They have also planned many other activities which they will carry out during the year.

M. C. B.

## KNITTING CLUB

The Knitting Club elected for its officers this year the following people; President, Lillian Bara;







Vice-President, Carolyn Gulanowski; Secretary-Treasurer, Barbara Paradis. The advisor is Miss Katherine Sheridan. The girls have been knitting many beautiful and useful things. M. C. B.

### READING CLUB

This club is one which was newly organized this year. Its officers are President, Joan Nery; Vice-President, Margaret Willet; Secretary-Treasurer, Ann Gioco. With the help of Mr. John Donovan, who is the teacher-advisor, the club has read and discussed "Hamlet" along with other books. This club is educational as well as entertaining.

M. C. B.

### MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

The members of this club have been using their time to make various models of planes. They plan to have a contest soon in which all the boys will participate. The officers are President, Robert Lewis; Vice-President, Anthony Cardwell; Secretary, Davis Ennis; Treasurer, Robert Janusz. Mr. Charles Vincent is the advisor.

M. C. B.

### SEWING CLUB

The members of the sewing club have been making shirts, hats and crocheted table cloths. Their officers are President, Barbara Flockerzi; Vice-President, Catherine Rose; Secretary-Treasurer, Judy Cyr.

A. J. G.

### COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLUB

The officers are President, Dale Doherty; Vice-President, Robert Cole; Secretary-Treasurer, Florence Towne. This club has been studying figure design. The advisor is Mr. James Thomson.

A. J. G.

### GUESS WHO ANSWERS

Answer: Beverlee Thomson.

Answer: Marion Bamford.

### DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club chose the following officers: President, Dorothy Love; Vice-President, Patricia Driscoll; Secretary, Nancy Lawlor; Treasurer, Elizabeth Duncan; Directors, Lois Milliken, Hilda Shea.

The "actresses" have been acting out pantomimes which they have seen on television.

This month they are staging a two act play called "High Jinks at Hollister."

A. J. G.

### PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

As officers, the members of the Photography Club elected: Mary Long, President; Robert McMurray, Vice-President; Marie Moschetto, Secretary; Joe Smith, Treasurer.

This year the Photography Club has an enlarger, developer, and printer. During club periods, each member is assigned a subject to photograph and the pictures are discussed at the following meeting. At one meeting, Anthony Galtvagna gave a report on the art of photography. The Photography Club expects to have many interesting projects during the coming year.

Mr. Finneran is the advisor.

A. G.

### BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The Block Printing Club officers are: Joan Roberts, President; Beverlee Thomson, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Block Printing Club members enjoy painting various materials. The articles being made now are napkins, hankies, and skirts. Everyone will agree that the girls do lovely work under the guidance of Miss Veva Chapman, their advisor.

A. G.

### HOBBY CLUB

The members of the Hobby Club elected as their officers: Paul Donovan, President; David Knightly, Vice-President; David Wallwork,

Secretary; Leonard Coppeta, Treasurer.

During the club periods, so far, the Hobby Club has seen a movie, and several members have given interesting reports about their hobbies. A. G.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB

Officers of the Commercial Club are: Doris Jones, President; Geraldine Dubois, Vice-President; Claire Connelly, Secretary-Treasurer.

Members of the Commercial Club made their own individual Christmas cards on the mimeoscope and mimeograph. Some very original designs were used, and, in some cases, a combination of two colors was attempted. At the Christmas

party, gifts were exchanged and carols were sung.

At the club meeting on January 8, Mr. Broadhead from the National Cash Register Company demonstrated a modern cash register. All members of the club had an opportunity to work the machine.

Miss Torpey is the club advisor.

### BOOSTERS' CLUB

The following were elected as officers of the Boosters' Club: President, Bob Stewart; Vice-President, Jay Stewart; Secretary, Evelyn Roche; Treasurer, Barbara Watts.

The members have discussed football and basketball with various plays of both sports explained by Mr. Lee. A. J. G.



### BOYS' BASKETBALL

With only one regular returning from last year's varsity the 1950-51 basketball squad reported for practice. The task of molding a team from a large group of eager, but for the most part inexperienced aspirants, was, off course, set squarely on the able shoulders of Coach Lee.

As time for the opening tip-off rolled around, it became evident that the starting quintet would be composed of Jack Shottes and Fred Marland (Captain) as forwards, George Schofield at center, and Doug Alexander and Bob Beaudoin as guards. Ed Saul, Bob Stewart, John Zuill and Bob Thomson would be a few of the reserve group to see action in most of the games.

In the first conflict, the annual Alumni fray, Johnson whipped the grads decisively 42-27. Captain Marland led the scoring attack

with fifteen points, with the other starters giving a creditable account of themselves.

As we go to press the Johnsonites have played and lost three additional games. At Punchard the varsity was beaten 67-33 and the J. H. S. Jayvees lost 42-21.

The similar results of the Reading and Newburyport games do not fully indicate the ability of the local five. It should not be forgotten that the one victory Johnson has scored so far was won on the home court, a vastly different gymnasium than any other on which the team has played as yet. Perhaps with the experience of the past four encounters and a warm smile from Good Dame Fortune, the team will fare more favorably in the games yet unplayed. Best of luck to all concerned.

G. K., '52



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Girls' Basketball Team is composed mostly of veterans of two or three years. This factor adds greatly to the hopes for a highly victorious year.

The following girls make up the squad.

Evelyn Roche, Jane Broderick, Mary Ann Maynard, Marion Bamford, Pat Driscoll, Betty Duncan, Lois Milliken, Arlene George, Noranne Mahoney, Nancy Burke, Janet Nichols, Ina Thomson, Barbara Deighan, Ellen Driscoll, Marjorie Terret, Joanne Green, Claire Arsenault, Jean Ingram, Betty Corcoran, Joanne McAloon, Alice

Dolan, Mary Lou Duffy, Jeanette Holten.

## Johnson 28 - Newburyport 31

Excitement and tension ran high during the entire game as the teams battled point for point. The large court didn't handicap the Johnson players at all, and the score remained about the same throughout the first three quarters. The last quarter proved fateful as Newburyport edged ahead 31-28. This was the final score as time seemed to decide the victor. The game was high-lighted with superb long shots by Betty Corcoran, high scorer of the game with 9 points.



## JOKES

The little old lady had just returned from a trip to Europe and was busy impressing her friends with the beautiful things she had seen and the wonderful places she had visited, when a woman asked, "Did you by any chance see the Dardanelles?"

"See them?" the traveler replied impressively, "why my dear, I had lunch with them!"

\* \* \*

### Improving on the Dictionary

Morning—The time of day when the rising generation gets ready to retire and the retiring generation rises.

Highbrow—A person who can use the word WHOM without feeling self-conscious.

Celebrity—One who works all his life to become famous enough to be recognized—and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is.

Vacation—Something that you need by the time you finish paying for one.

War—Something that's not over until you've finished saving the country you've finished licking.

Courage—Fear holding on just a bit longer.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Nery heard a crash in the kitchen. "More dishes, Joan?"

"No, mom, less," Joan answered.

\* \* \*

Doctor: "Could you pay for an operation if I thought one was necessary?"

Freddy: "Would you think one was necessary if I couldn't pay for it?"

\* \* \*

Bob: "Have a good time at the dentist's office?"

Evie: "No, I was bored to tears."

"Did you use the thermometer to test the baby's bath water?" asked the new mother of the maid.

"No, I never use it, ma'am. If the water's too hot, it turns the

baby red. If it's too cold, the baby turns blue."

\* \* \*

We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.



## EXCHANGES

**"Skool Nooz"** — Randolph High School, Vermont.

**"BOYS AND I"**

by Lucy Gilman

"I hope that there will never be  
Another boy to bother me;  
A boy who copies all my tests  
Who never gives me any rest;  
A boy who teases me all day,  
And always gets smack in my way.  
A boy who never has a care  
For anything but pulling hair.  
I often wonder if boys are sane,  
They seem to have so little brain.  
Poems like this are plenty bad,  
But even worse is a light-foot lad."

**"Topsinews"** — Topsfield High School, Massachusetts. I enjoyed all the different articles in your paper, but if the appearance were improved readers would probably appreciate it more. Perhaps if you solicited a greater number of ads you would have more with which to work.

**"The Oriole"** — Richland Center High School, Wisconsin. This high school is to be congratulated because of an unusual achievement. Richland Center High has its own weekly radio program broadcast over a local radio station. The program relates the various school activities of the week along with special dramatic features. This is

a good sign on an up-and-coming high school.

**"Aegis"** — Beverly High School, Massachusetts. A publication containing up-to-date editorials, an interesting and well-organized literary section, well illustrated sports write-ups, funny jokes, superior poems, and a lengthy exchange column are all features of a wonderful high school magazine, the "Aegis." Such items as "War and the Student" by Charles Hogan, "Not Bad At All" by Cynthia Tucker, "God Bless America" by Gloria Wright, and "Baby-Sitting Blues" by Sheila Walsh are articles showing much thought and talent. This paper is really outstanding in every way and is worthy of the highest praise.

**"Lawrencian"** — Lawrence High School, Massachusetts.

"A bachelor is a happy guy,  
And has a lot of fun,  
He sizes all the cuties up  
And never Mrs. One."

**ALSO - - -**

"Freshman: Knows?"

"Sophomore: Knows not and knows that he knows not.

"Junior: Knows and knows that he knows.

"Senior: Knows and knows that he knows and wants everyone to know that he knows."



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